

C L E O N E.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is ACTED at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Written by R. D O D S L E Y.

Præcipe lugubres

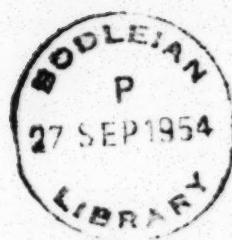
Cantus, MELPOMENE.

HOR.

D U B L I N:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in Essex-street.

V E T A S. f. 128 (5) ^{M D C C L X X .}

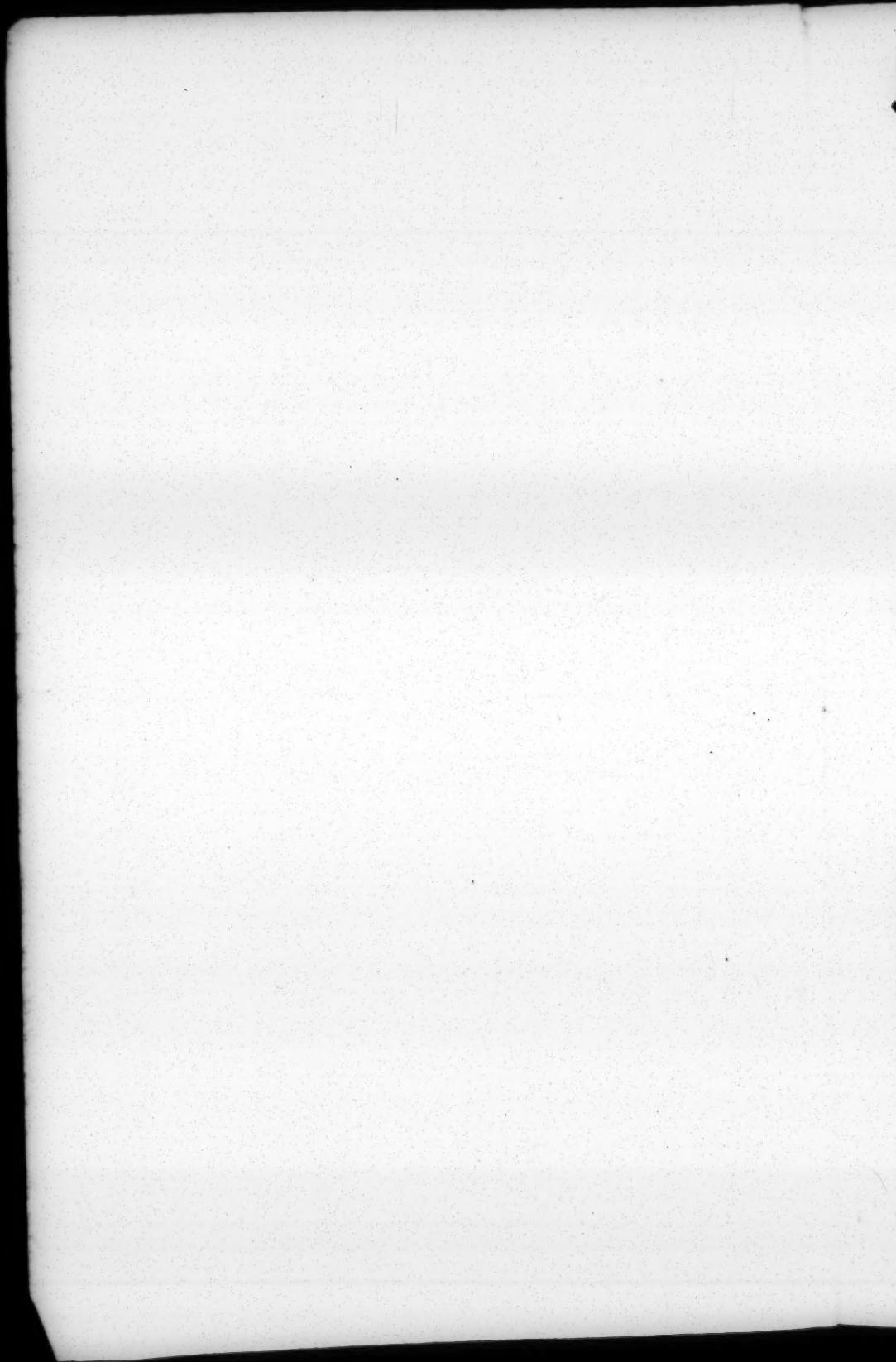


Advertisement.

THE Fable of the following Tragedy is built upon the old Legend of St. Genevieve, written originally in French, and translated into English by Sir William Lower about an hundred years ago. I shew'd my first Plan of this Piece, which was in three Acts, to Mr. Pope, so long ago as two or three years before his death, who told me, that in his very early youth, he attempted a Tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards burnt; and it was he advis'd me to extend my Plan to five Acts.

I let it lie by me, however, some years after his death, before I thought any more about it, deter'd from pursuing it by the fear of failing in the attempt. But happening at last to fall upon a method of altering and extending my Plan, I resum'd the design, and as leisure from my other avocations permitted, have brought it to its present state.

I beg leave to take this opportunity of thanking the Public, for their candid reception of these imperfect Scenes, and the Performers for their diligence in studying their several Parts, and for their just and forcible manner of representing them.





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Philip Dormer Stanhope,
EARL OF
CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD,

EUCOURAG'D by the favourable opinion of many among the most ingenious of my friends, but particularly animated by your LORDSHIP's Approbation, I ventur'd to bring this Play on the Stage, even after it had been *refus'd* where I first intended it should appear. As the reception it met with from the Public hath amply justify'd your LORDSHIP's sentiments concerning it, permit me to take this opportunity of presenting it to You, as an unfeigned

D E D I C A T I O N.

feigned testimony of the respect I bear for your LORDSHIP's distinguish'd Merit, and as a grateful, tho' unequal return, for the many favours, which it is my pride to own, I have receiv'd from your hands. For I do not mean, my LORD, by this address to offend your delicacy by a needless panegyric upon YOUR Character, which will be deliver'd down with admiration to latest posterity, but to do the highest honour to my *own*, by thus publishing to the world that I have not been thought unworthy the favour and patronage of the EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

I am,

My LORD,

With great Respect,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged and

Obedient humble Servant,

R. DODSLEY.

PROLOGUE.

By WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. Ross.

*WAS once the mode inglorious war to wage
With each bold Bard that durst attempt the Stage,
And Prologues were but preludes to engage.*

*Then mourn'd the Muse, not story'd Woes alone,
Condemn'd, with tears unfeign'd, to weep her own.*

*Past are those boſilic days : and Wits no more
One undiſtinguiſh'd fate with fools deplore.*

*No more the Muse laments her long-felt wrongs,
From the rude license of tumultuous tongues :*

*In peace each Bard prefers his doubtful claim,
And as he merits, meets, or misses, Fame.*

*'Twas thus in Greece (when Greece fair Science bleſt,
And Heaven-born Arts their chosen Land poſſeſt)*

*Th' assembled People ſate with decent pride,
Patient to hear, and ſkilful to decide ;*

*Less forward far to censure than to praise,
Unwillingly refus'd the rival Bays.*

*Yes ; they whom Candor and true Taste inspire
Blame not with half the Paſſion they admire ;*

*Each little Blemiſh with regret deſcry,
But mark the Beauties with a raptur'd eye.*

*Yet modeſt fears invade our Author's breast,
With Attic lore, or Latin, all unbleſt ;*

Deny'd

P R O L O G U E.

*Deny'd by Fate thro' Classic fields to stray,
Where bloom those wreaths, which never know decay ;
Where Arts from kindred Arts new force acquire,
And Poets catch from Poets genial fire :
Not thus he boasts the breast humane to prove,
And touch those springs which generous passions move,
To melt the soul by scenes of fabled woe,
And bid the tear for fancy'd sorrow flow ;
Far bumbler paths he treads in quest of Fame,
And trusts to Nature what from Nature came.*



P E R S O N S of the D R A M A.

M E N.

SIFROY, a General Officer	Mr. ROSS.
BEAUFORT Sen. the Father of CLEONE	Mr. RIDOUT.
BEAUFORT Junior, her Brother	Mr. DYER.
PAULET, the Friend of SIFROY	Mr. CLARKE.
GLANVILLE, a near Relation	Mr. SPARKS.
RAGOZIN, a Servant corrupted by GLAVILLE	Mr. ANDERSON.

W O M E N.

CLEONE, the wife of SIFROY	Mrs. BELLAMY.
ISABELLA, her Companion	Mrs. ELMY.
A CHILD about five years old.	

O F F I C E R S of J U S T I C E , S E R V A N T S , &c.

SCENE, SIFROY's House, and an adjoining Wood.

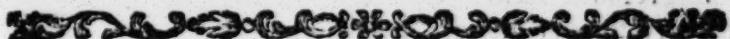
TIME, that of the Action.



C L E O N E.

A

T R A G E D Y.



A C T. I.

S C E N E I. Sifroy's *House*.

Glanville, Isabella.

Glanv. **W**HAT means this diffidence, this idle
fear?

Have I not given thee proof my heart
is thine?

Proof that I mean to sanctify our joys
By sacred wedlock? Why then doubt my truth?
Why hesitate, why tremble thus to join
In deeds, which justice and my love to thee
Alone inspire? If we are one, our hopes,
Our views, our interests ought to be the same.
And canst thou tamely see this proud Sifroy
Triumphant lord it o'er my baffled rights?
Those late acquir'd demesnes, by partial deed
Convey'd to him, in equity are mine.

Isab. The story oft I've heard: yet sure Sifroy

B

Hath

2 C L E O N E.

Hath every legal title to that wealth
By will bequeath'd: and childeſſ should he die,
The whole were thine. Wait then till time —

Glanv. Art thou,
My Isabella, thou an advocate
For him who wrongs thy lover, and witholds
Those treasures which I covet but for thee?
Where is thy plighted love? — thy faith? — thy truth?
Ifab. Forbear reproach! O Glanville, love to thee
Hath robb'd me of my truth — betray'd me on
From step to step, till virtue quite forsook me.
False if I am, 'tis to myself, not thee;
Thou hast my heart, and thou shalt guide my will,
Obedient to thy bidding.

Glanv. Hear me then —
This curſt Sifroy stands in my fortune's way;
I must remove him.— Well I know his weakneſſ—
His fiery temper favours my design,
And aids the plot that works his own undoing.
His station in the army, there secures him,
As from my reach, so from my vengeance ſafe
But this will force him home—I have convey'd,
By Ragozin his ſervant, whom I ſent
On other buſineſſ, letters which diſclose
His wife's amour with Paulet.

Ifab. Ah! tho' me
Thou haſt perſuaded to believe her false,
Think'ſt thou Sifroy will credit the report?
Will not remembrance of her former love,
Her decent modeſty, yet tender fondneſſ,
Secure his high opinion of her truth?

Glanv. I know it ought not. Weak muſt be the man
Who builds his hopes on ſuch deceitful ground.
Paulet is young, not deſtitute of paſſion;
Her husband abſent, they are oft together:
Then ſhe hath charms to warm the coldeſt breast,
Melt the moſt rigid virtue into love,
And tempt the firmeſt friendſhip to be frail.
All this I've urg'd, join'd with ſuch circumſtance,
Such ſtrong prelumptive proof, as cannot fail
To ſhake the firm foundations of his truſt.

This

This once accomplish'd, his own violence
And heated rage, will urge him to commit
Some desperate act, and plunge him into ruin.

Ifab. But grant thou should'st succeed, what will
entue?

Suppose him dead, doth he not leave an heir,
An infant son? He will prevent thy claim—

Glanv. That bar were easily remov'd.—But soft,
Who's here? 'Tis Ragozin return'd.

[Enter Ragozin.]

S C E N E II.

Glanville, Isabella, Ragozin.

Glanv. What news,
Dear Ragozin? How did Sifroy receive
My letters? What was their effect? O speak!
My vast impatience would know all at once—
What said he? What does he intend?

Rag. All you could wish. A whirlwind's rage is weak
To the wild storm that agitates his breast.
At first indeed he doubted—swore 'twas false—
Impossible—But as he read, his looks
Grew fierce; pale horror trembled on his cheek;
And with a faltering voice at length he cry'd;
O she is vile!—It must, it must be so—
Then threw him on the ground, in speechless woe.

Glanv. Good, very good!—I knew 'twould gall—
proceed.

Rag. His smother'd grief at length burst forth in rage.
He started from the floor—he drew his sword—
And fixing it with violence in my grasp—
Plunge this, he cry'd, O plunge it in the heart
Of that vile traitor, Paulet! Yet forbear—
That exquisite revenge my own right hand
Demands, nor will I give it to another!
This said—push'd on by rage, he to her fire
Dispatch'd a letter, opening to him all
Her crime, and his dishonour. This to you.

[Gives a letter.]

Glanv. How eagerly he runs in o the toils,

B 2

Which

C L E O N E.

Which I have planted for his own destruction!
O Ragozin, success shall double all
My promises; and now we are embark'd,
We must proceed, whatever storms arise.

Isab. But read the letter.

[Glanville opens the letter and reads.
Tho' thou hast stabb'd me to the heart, I cannot but
thank thy goodness for the tender regard thou hast shown
to my honour. The traitor Paulet shall die by my own
hand: that righteous vengeance must be mine. Mean
time, forbid the villain's entrance to my house. As to
her who was once my wife, let her go to her father's,
to whom I have written; leaving it to him to vindicate
her virtue, or conceal her shame. I am in too much
confusion to add more.

SIFROY.

Glanv. This is enough — by heaven! I fought no
more.

It is the point at which my wishes aim'd.
The death of Paulet must include his own;
Justice shall take that life my injuries seek,
Nor will suspicion cast one glance on me.
But does he purpose soon to leave the army,
Or let his vengeance sleep?

Rag. All wild, he raves
That honour should forbid to quit his charge.
Yet what resolves the tumult in his breast
May urge, is hard to say.

Glanv. We must prepare
For his arrival; well I know his rage
Will burst all bounds of prudence. Thou, my friend,
(For from the hour which shall compleat our busines,
Thy servitude shall cease) be diligent
To watch all accidents, and well improve
Whatever may arise.

Rag. Trust to my care.

[Exit.

Glanv. O Isabella! the important hour
To prove my truth, now rises to my wish.
No longer shalt thou live the humble friend
Of this Cleone, but her equal born,
Shalt rise by me to grace an equal sphere.

Isab.

Isab. Her equal born I am — nor can my heart
A keener pang than base dependence feel.
Yet weak by nature, and in fear for thee,
I tremble for th' event.— O should'st thou fail —

Glanv. Dear Isabella, trust to me the proof
Of her conceal'd amour. I know full well
Her modesty is mere disguise, assum'd
To cheat the world ; but it deceives not me.
I shall unveil her secret wickedness,
And her dark deeds expose to open day.

Isab. Scarce can my heart give credit —

Glanv. Thou, alas,
Art blinded by the semblance she displays
Of truth and innocence ; but I see thro'
Her inmost soul, and in her secret thoughts
Read wantonness. Believe me, this gay youth,
Mask'd in the guise of friendship to Sifroy,
Is her vile paramour. But I forget ;
Tell Ragozin, my love, to wait without ;
This business asks dispatch, and I may want
His useful aid.

Isab. I go ; but still my heart
Beats anxious lest the truth of thy suspicions
Should fail of proof.

[Exit. Isabella.]

Glanv. Fear nothing, I'm secure.
Fond, easy fool ! whom for my use alone,
Not pleasure, I've insnar'd ; thou little dream'st,
That fir'd with fair Cleone's heaven of charms,
I burn for their enjoyment. There, there too,
Did this Sifroy, this happy hated rival,
Defeat the first warm hopes that fir'd my bosom.
I mark'd her beauties rising in their bloom,
And purpos'd for myself the ripening sweetness ;
But ere I could disclose the secret flame,
He stole into her heart. And O would fate
But now permit my wishes to succeed,
Vengeance were satisfy'd. I will attend her,
And urge my suit, tho' oft repuls'd, once more.
If she's obdurate still, my slighted love
Converts to hatred : I will then exert
The power which her deluded lord hath given,

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Drive her this instant hence, and in her flight,
To glut my great revenge, she too shall fall. [Exit.]

S C E N E III. *Changes to another room.*

Cleone and a Servant.

Cleo. Paulet! my husband's friend? give him admittance;
His friendship sympathizes with my love,
Cheers me by talking of my absent lord,
And sooths my heart with hopes of his return.

[Enter Paulet.]

Paul. Still do these louring clouds of sorrow shade
Cleone's brow, and sadden all her hours?

Cleo. Ah! Paulet, have I not just cause to mourn?
Three tedious years have past since these sad eyes
Beheld my dear Sifroy: and the stern brow
Of horrid war still frowns upon my hopes.

Paul. The fate of war, 'tis true, hath long detain'd
My noble friend from your fond arms and mine:
But his redoubted sword by this last stroke
Must soon reduce the foe to sue for peace.
The gallant chief who led the numerous host,
And was himself their soul, is fallen in battle,
Slain by the valiant hand of your Sifroy.

Cleo. To me, alas, his courage seems no virtue:
Dead to all joy but what his safety gives,
To every hope, but that of his return,
I dread the danger which his valour seeks,
And tremble at his glory. O good Heaven!
Restore him soon to these unhappy arms,
Or much I fear they'll never more enfold him.

Paul. What means Cleone? No new danger can
Affright you for my friend. I fear your breast
Beats with the dread of some impending ill,
Threatning yourself. Now, by the love that binds
My heart to your Sifroy, let me intreat,
If my assistance can avail you aught,
That to the utmost hazard of my life
You will command my service.

Cle.

Cleo. Kind Heaven, I thank thee ! My Sifroy hath yet
One faithful friend. O Paulet—

The many virtues that adorn the mind
Of my lov'd lord, and made me once so blest,
'Twere needless to display. In mine alone
His happiness was plac'd ; no grief, no care
Came ever near my bosom ; not a pain
But what his tenderness partaking tooth'd.
All day with fondness would he gaze upon me,
And to my listening heart repeat such things
As only love like his knew how to feel.

O my Sifroy ! when, when wilt thou return ?
Alas, thou know'st to what bold attempts
His unsuspecting virtue has betray'd me !

Paul. What danger thus alarms Cleone's fear ?

Cleo. I am ashamed to think, and blith to say,
That in my husband's absence this poor form,
These eyes, or any feature should retain
The power to please — but Glanville well you know —

Paul. Sure you suspect not him of base designs !
He wears the semblance of much worth and honour.

Cleo. So to the eye the speckled serpent wears
A shining, beauteous form ; but deep within,
Foul stings and deadly poisons lurk unseen.
O Paulet, this smooth serpent hath so crept
Into the bosom of Sifroy, so wound
Himself about my love's ungarded heart,
That he believes him harmless the dove.

Paul. Good Heaven, if thou abhor'st deceit, why
suffer
A villain's face to wear the look of virtue ?
Who would have thought his loose desires had flown
So high a pitch ! Have you imparted aught
Of his attempts, to Isabella.

Cleo. No.

Paul. I had suspicion his designs were there.

Cleo. I've thought so too : nay have some cause to fear
That she's his wife. This hath restrain'd my tongue.

Paul. I wish she may deserve your tenderness.
But say, Cleone, let me know the means,

Which

Which this most impious man, this trusted friend,
Hath taken to betray—

Cleo. I hear his voice ;
And this way he directs his hated steps.
Retire into that room—seldom he fails
To hint his bold desires. Your self perhaps
May thence detect him, and by open shame
Deter him from persisting. [Paulet goes into the room.
Glanville enters.

S C E N E IV.

Cleone, Glanville.

Glanv. I greet you, lady, with important news ;
The Saracens are beaten—yet Sifroy,
Coldly negligent of your blooming charms,
Pursues a remnant of the flying foe
To strong Avignon's walls, where shelter'd safe,
The hardy troops may bear a tedious siege.
Why then, Cleone, should you still resist
The soft entreaties of my warm desire ?
Methinks the man but ill deserves your truth,
Who leaves the sweet Elysium of your arms
To tread the dangerous fields of horrid war.

Cleo. And what, O Glanville, what dost thou deserve ?
Thou, who with treachery repay'st the trust
Of sacred friendship ? Thou, who but to quench
A loose desire, and gain a moment's pleasure,
Would'st banish truth and honour from thy breast ?

Glanv. Honour !—What's honour ? A vain phantom,
rais'd

To fright the weak from tasting those delights,
Which Nature's voice, that surest law, enforces.
Be wise, and laugh at all its idle threats.
Besides, with me your fame would be secure,
Discretion guards my name from Censure's tongue.

Cleo. And dost thou call hypocrisy discretion ?
Say'st thou that vice is wisdom ? Glanville, hear me.
With thee, thou say'st, my fame would be secure ;
Unfusly'd by the world. It might. Yet know,
Tho' hid beneath the center of the earth,
Remov'd from Envy's eye, and Slander's tongue,

Nay

C L E O N E.

9

Nay from the view of Heaven itself conceal'd,
Still would I shun the very thought of guilt,
Nor wound my secret conscience with reproach.

Glanv. Romantic all! Come, come, why is your form
So exquisite, so tempting for delight;
With eyes that languish, limbs that move with grace—
Why were these beauties given you, but to soothe
The strong, the sweet sensations they excite?
Why were you made so beauteous, why so coy?

[Offers to embrace her, she puts him by with disdain.]

Cleo. Base hypocrite! why rather wer't thou suffer'd.
Beneath fair Virtue's mien to hide a heart
So vile? why this, good Heaven! But dost thou think
Thy foul devices shall be still conceal'd?
Sifroy shall know thee; thy detested crime
At last shall be laid open to his view.

Glanv. Is love a crime? O ask your feeling heart—

[Paulet bursts from the room.]

S C E N E V.

Cleone, Glanville, Paulet.

Paul. Villain, desist!

Glanv. Ha! Paulet here!—'Tis well:
He is her minion then! 'tis as I gues'd!
My letters to Sifroy traduc'd them not. [Aside.]

Paul. Vile hypocrite!—what, lurk such warm desires
Beneath that sober mark of sanctity?
Is this the firm undoubted honesty,
In which Sifroy believes himself so safe?

Glanv. And is it fit that thou should'st lecture vice?
Thou, who ev'n here, this moment wert conceal'd,
The favorite object of lewd privacy?
Should'st thou declaim against the rich repast,
Thy gluttonous appetite enjoys
To all the heights of luxury?—Sweet lady!
Who now shall be laid open to Sifroy?
But I have long, long known your intercourse,
And wanted not this proof to make it clear. [Going.]

Cleo. O heaven and earth!

Paul.

TO CLEONE.

Paul. Stay, monster ! By high heaven,
Thy life shall answer the vile calumny.

Glanv. Dream not I fear ! — threatenings I despise.
Soon I'll return, to thine and her confusion.

[Exit Glanville.]

S C E N E VI.

Cleone, Paulet.

Cleo. What have I done? unhappy, rash imprudence !
Hath he not seeming cause for foul suspicion ?

Paul. He dares not wrong you with the least surmise,
The slightest imputation on your fame !
Nor would the world believe him. Your fair deeds,
The constant tenor of your virtuous life,
Would triumph o'er th' audacious tale.

Cleo. Ah Paulet !
The sting of Slander strikes her venom deep.
The envious world with joy devours the tale,
That stains with infamy a spotless name.
Yet what's the vain opinion of the world !
To keep one voice, one single heart's esteem,
Is all my wish. If my Sifroy but think —

Paul. Wound not your peace with vain ungrounded
fears :
My friend is noble, knows your virtues well ;
Nor will he suffer jealousy to shake
His generous mind with doubt. And for that wretch,
This arm shall give him chastisement.

Cleo. Ah ! no ;
I fear the chastisement of Glanville's guilt
May loose the tongue of Censure on my innocence.
And can I bear, now, in my husband's absence,
The whisper'd malice of a dubious tale
On his Cleone's truth ?
O rather leave his punishment to Heaven !
At least defer it till my lord's return.

Paul. And shall the man I love return and find
A villain unchaftis'd, who in my sight
Audaciously presum'd to wound his honour ?
Forbid it friendship !

[Re-enter Glanville with Ragozin.]

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Cleone, Paulet, Glanville, Ragozin.

Glanv. Sir, be pleas'd to know,
 'Tis with authority that I forbid
 Your entrance in this house. Sifroy, convinc'd
 Of all your secret crimes with that vile wanton,
 Spurns from his door the falsehood he disdains.

Cleo. Let me not hear it!—I! am I so vile?
 Does my dear lord think his Cleone false?

Glanv. He knows it well.

Paul. Villain, 'tis false! He scorns
 So mean a thought.

Glanv. To silence every doubt,
 See his own hand.

Paulet, *shewing the letter to Ragozin.*

Say, whence is this? who brought it?

Rog. I brought it from my master.

Glanv. Look upon it.

[*Cleone and Paulet look over it.*

Cleo. Am I then banish'd from my husband's house?
 Branded with infamy?—was once his wife!
 Unkind Sifroy! am I not still thy wife?
 Indeed thy faithful wife! and when thou know'st,
 As know thou wilt, how falsely I'm accus'd,
 This cruel sentence sure will pierce thy heart.

Paul. Amazement strikes me dumb!—This impious
 scroll
 Is forg'd. Sifroy, tho' rash, is noble, just,
 And good. Too good, too noble to permit
 So mean a thought to harbour in his breast.

Cleo. No: 'tis his hand—his seal. And can I bear
 Suspicion? O Sifroy, didst thou not know
 My heart incapable—

Paul. Audacious wretch!
 At what fell mischief has thy malice aim'd?

Glanv. At thine and her detection: which at length
 I have accomplish'd.

Paul.

Paul. Impudent and vain !
 Think'it thou Cleone's virtue, her fair truth,
 Can suffer taint from thy unhallow'd breath ?
 Were they not proof but now against thy arts ?

Glanv. Mistaken man ! To gain one personal proof
 Of her incontinence, that feign'd attempt
 Was made ; all other proof I had before,
 And why I fail'd thou know'st ;
 Who in her private chamber close conceal'd,
 Mad'ft it imprudent she should then comply.

Cleo. Detested slanderer ! I despise thy baseness ;
 Disdain reply ; and trust in Heaven's high hand
 To dash thy bold designs. [Exit Cleone.]

Paul. [whispering.] Observe me, Sir—
 This insult on the honour of my friend
 Must be chaitis'd. At morning's earliest dawn,
 In the close vale, behind the castle's wall,
 Prepare to meet me arm'd.

Glanv. Be well assur'd
 I will not fail.

[Exit Paulet.]

Yet stay—let Prudence guide me—
 Courage, what is't ?—tis folly's boisterous rashness,
 And draws its owner into hourly dangers.
 I hold it safer he were met to-night. [Aside.]
 Theu see'st, my Ragozin, we are embark'd
 Upon a troubled sea : our safeties now
 Depend on boldly steming every wave,
 That might o'erwhelm our hopes. Paulet must die—
 He's dangerous, and not only may defeat
 Our enterpiize, but bring our lives in hazard.

Rag. Shall we not frustrate thus your first design,
 To make the law subservient to your aims
 Against the life and fortunes of Sifroy ?

Glanv. Leave that to me. Sifroy, full well I know,
 Will soon arrive. Thou, when the gloom of night
 Shall cast a veil upon the deeds of men,
 Trace Paulet's steps, and in his bosom plunge
 Thy dagger's point : thus shall thy care prevent
 His future babbling ; and to prove the deed
 Upon Sifroy, be mine.

Rag.

Rag. Were I assur'd
Of retribution equal to the danger
Of this important service, think it done.
But what security —

Glanv. Is not my life
Already in thy hands? — But as an earnest
Of future bounty, take this gold.

Rag. He dies
This night.

Glanv. Let thy first blow make sure his death,
So shall no noise detect thee. Hither strait
Convey his corpse, which secretly inter'd
Within the garden's bound, prevents discovery,
Till I shall spring the mine of their destruction.

Rag. He shall not live an hour. [Exit Ragozin.

Glanv. Hence, hence Remorse!
I must not, will not feel thy scorpion sting.
Yet hell is in my breast, and all its fiends
Distract my resolutions.—I am plung'd
In blood, and must wade thro': no safety now
But on the farther shore. Come then, Revenge,
Ambition come, and disappointed Love;
Be you my dread companions: steel, O steel
My heart with triple hemmings, nerve my arm
With tenfold strength, and guide it to atchieve
The deeds of Terror which your selves inspir'd.



A C T . II.

S C E N E I. A Room in Sifroy's House.

Glanville, Isabella.

Glanv. SURE the dark hand of death ere this hath
clos'd
The prying eyes of Paulet, and secur'd
Our bold attempt from danger. But hast thou,
Free frdm suspicion, to Cleone's hand
Convey'd the letter, forg'd against my self,

Pressing her instant flight, and branding me
With black designs against her life?

Isab. I have;

Pretending 'twas receiv'd from hands unknown.
But lurks no danger here? Will not this letter,
Discover'd after death, betray thy scheme?

Glanv. 'Gainst that too I'm secure. The deed once
done,

A deep enormous cavern in the wood
Receives her body, and for ever hides.
But she perus'd, thou say'st, the letter—well—
How wrought it?—say—this moment will she fly?
Success in this, and all shall be our own.

Isab. Silent she paus'd—and read it o'er and o'er.
Then lifting up her eyes—forgive him, Heaven!
Was all she said. But soon her rising fear
Resolv'd on quick escape. Suspicion too
That all her servants are by thee corrupted,
Urges to fly alone, save with her child,
The young Sifroy, whom clasping to her breast,
And bathing with a flood of tears, she means,
Safe from thy snares, to shelter with her father.

Glanv. Just as I hop'd—Beneath the friendly gloom
Of Baden wood, whose unfrequented paths
They needs must pass to reach her father's house,
I have contriv'd, and now ordain their fall.
Kindly she plans her scheme, as tho' her self
Were my accomplice.

Isab. As we parted, tears
Gush'd from her eyes—she closely press'd my hand,
And hesitating cry'd—O Isabella!
If 'tis not now too late, beware of Glanville.
I scarce could hold from weeping.

Glanv. Fool! root out
That weakness, which unsfits th' aspiring soul
For great designs. But hush! who's here?

[Enter Ragozin.

S C E N E II. *Glanville, Isabella, Ragozin.*

Glanv. Say, quickly—

Is our first work atchiev'd?

Rag. Successfully.

With two bold russians, whose assisting hands
Were hir'd to make the busines sure, I trac'd
His steps with care; and in the darksome path
Which leads beside the ruin'd abby's wall,
With furious onset suddenly attack'd him.
Instant he drew, and in my arm oblique
Fix'd a slight wound; but my associates soon
Perform'd their office; and betwixt them borne;
I left him to an hasty burial, where
You first directed.

Glanv. We are then secure
From his detection; and may now advance
With greater safety. O my Ragozin,
But one step more remains, to plant our feet
On this Sifroy's possessions; and methinks,
Kind Opportunity now points the path.
Which leads us to our wish.

Rag. Propose the means.

Glanv. This hour Cleone with her infant boy,
Borrowing faint courage from the moon's pale beam,
Prepares to seek the mansion of her father.
Thou know'st the neighbouring wood thro' which they
pass.

Rag. I know each path, and every brake.

Glanv. There hid
In secret ambush, thou must intercept
Her journey.

Rag. And direct her to the world
Unknown.

Glanv. Thou read'st my meaning right. Go thou
To hasten her departure, and to keep [To Isabella.
Hea fears awake.

Isab. Already she believes
Her life depends upon her instant flight.

[Exit Isabella.

S C E N E III. *Glanville, Ragozin.*

Glanv. And haply ours. Each moment that she lives

C 2

Grows

Grows dangerous now: and should she reach her father,
All may be lost. Let therefore no delay
Hang on thy steps: Terror must wing her flight,
And danger calls on us for equal speed.

Rag. They 'scape me not. I know the private path
Which they must tread thro' Baden's lonely wood,
And Death shall meet them in the dreary gloom.

Glanv. Mean time, soon as she leaves her house, I
raise,

From whispering tongues, a probable report,
That she with Paulet seeks some foreign shore.
His will confirm her guilt, and shelter us
From all suspicion.

Rag. True; both gone at once,
Will give an air of truth so plausible—

Glanv. Hark! hush!

Rag. Who is it?

Glanv. 'Tis Cleone's voice!
This way she comes—we must not now be seen.
Fly to thy post, and think on thy reward. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. Cleone, *with her Child.*

Cleo. No Paulet to be found! Misfortune sure
Prevents his friendship: and I dare not wait
For his assistance. Friendless, and alone
I wander forth, Heaven my sole guide, and truth
My sole support. But come, my little love,
Thou wilt not leave me.

Child. No, indeed I won't!
I'll love you, and go with you every where,
If you will let me.

Cleo. My sweet innocent!
Thou shalt go with me. I've no comfort left
But thee. I had—I had a husband once,
And thou a father—but we're now cast out
From his protection, banish'd from his love.

Child. Why won't he love us? Sure I've heard you say
You lov'd him dearly.

Cleo. O my bursting heart!
His innocence will kill me. So I do.

My

My angel, and I hope you'll love him too.

Child. Yes, so I will, if he'll love you: and can't I make him love you?

Cleo. Yes, my dear; for how Could he withstand that sweet persuasive look Of infant innocence!

Child. O then he shall, If ever I do see him, he shall love you.

Cleo. My best, my only friend! and wilt thou plead Thy poor wrong'd mother's cause?

[Enter Isabella.]

S C E N E V.

Cleone, her Child, and Isabella.

Ifab. Dear madam, haste! Why thus delay your flight,

When dangers rise around?

Cleo. Indeed, my steps Will linger, Isabella.—O'tis hard— Alas, thou can't not feel how hard it is To leave a husband's house so dearly lov'd! Yet go I must—my life is here unsafe. Pardon, good Heaven, the guilt of those who seek it! I fear not death: yet fain methinks would live To clear my truth to my unkind Sifroy.

Ifab. O doubt not, madam, he will find the truth, And banish from his breast this strange suspicion. But haste, dear lady, wing your steps with haste, Lest Death should intercept.

Cleo. And must I go? Adieu, dear mansion of my happiest years! Adieu, sweet shades! each well-known bower adieu! Where I have hung whole days upon his words, And never thought the tender moments long— All, all my hopes of future peace, farewell!

[*Throws herself on her knees.*

But, O great Power! who bending from thy throne, Look'st down with pitying eyes on erring man, Whom weakness blinds, and passions lead astray,

18 CLEONE.

Impute not to Sifroy this cruel wrong !
 O heal his bosom, wounded by the darts
 Of lying Slander, and restore to him
 That peace, which I must never more regain. [Rise.]
 Come, my dear love, Heaven will, I trust, protect
 And guide our wandering steps ! Yet stay—who knows,
 Perhaps my father too, if Slander's voice
 Hath reach'd his ear, may chide me from his door,
 Or spurn me from his feet !—My sickening heart
 Dies in me at that thought ! Yet surely he
 Will hear me speak ! A parent sure, will not
 Give up his child unheard !

Iab. He surely will not. Whence these groundless
 fears ?

Cleo. Indeed I am to blame, to doubt his goodness.
 Farewel, my friend !—And oh, when thou shalt see
 My still-belov'd Sifroy ; say, I forgive him—
 Say I but live to clear my truth to him ;
 Then hope to lay my sorrows in the grave,
 And that my wrongs, lest they should wound his peace,
 May be forgotten. [Exit Cleone, with her child.]

SCENE VI.

Iab. [alone.] Gracious Heaven ! her grief
 Strikes thro' my heart ! Her truth, her innocence
 Are surely wrong'd.—O wherefore did I yield
 My virtue to this man ! Unhappy hour !
 But 'tis too late !—Nor dare I now relent.

[Enter Glanville.]

SCENE VII.

Isabella, Glanville.

Glanv. The gate is clos'd against her, never more
 (If right I read her doom) to give her entrance.
 Thus far, my Isabella, our designs
 Glide smoothly on. The hand of Prudence is
 To me the hand of Providence.

Iab.

Ifab. Alas!

How weak, how blind is human prudence found !
I wish, and hope indeed, that screen'd beneath
The shades of night, which hide these darker deeds,
We too may lie conceal'd : but ah, my hopes
Are dash'd with fear, lest day's broad eye at length
Flash on our secret guilt, and bring detection.

Glanv. [*Bernly.*] If thy vain fears betray us not, we're safe.

Observe me well.—Had I the least surmise,
That, struck by conscience, or by phantoms awed,
Thou now would'it shrink—and leave me, or betray —
By all the terrors that would shake my soul
To perpetrate the deed, thou too should'it fall !

Ifab. And can't thou then suspect, that after all
I've done to prove my love, I should betray thee ?
O Glanville ! thou art yet it seems to learn,
That in her fears, tho' weak, a woman's love
Inspires her breast with strength above her sex.

Glanv. Forgive me, Isabella, I suspect
Thee not ; but this hot fever burning in
My brain, distracts my reason. Yes, I know
Thee faithful, and will hence be calm.

Ifab. Indeed my heart so wholly has been thine,
That thou hast form'd its temper to thy wish.

Glanv. Think on my warmth no more. I was to blame.
But come, my love, our chief, our earliest care
Must be to give loud Rumour instant voice,
That both detected in their loose amour
Are fled together. Whisper thou the tale
First to the servants, in whose listening ears
Suspicions are already sown ; while I
Th' unwelcome tidings to her fire convey.

[Exit Isabella one way, and as Glanville is going out the other, he meets a servant.

Serv. My lady's brother, sir, young Beaufort, just arriv'd, enquires for you, or for his sister.

Glanv. Attend him in.—The letters of Sifroy
Have reach'd their hands. My story of her flight
Will, like a closing witness well prepar'd,
Confirm her guilt.

[Enter Beaufort Jun.
SCENE.

SCENE VIII.

Glanville, Beaufort Junior.

Beauf. Jun. What strange suspicion, Glanville, has possest'd
 The bosom of Sifroy? Whence had it birth?
 Or on what ground could Malice fix her stand,
 To throw the darts of Slander on a name
 So guarded as Cleone's?

Glanv. I could wish —
 It gives me pain to speak — but I could wish
 The conduct of Cleone had not given
 So fair a mark.

Beauf. Jun. So fair a mark! — What! who?
 Cleone, say'st thou! — Hath my sister given,
 So fair a mark to Slander? have a care!
 The breath that blasts her fame may raise a storm
 Not easily appeas'd.

Glanv. It grieves me, sir,
 That you compel me to disclose, what you
 In bitterness of soul must hear. But she
 And Prudence have of late been much estrang'd.

Beauf. Jun. Defame her not — Discretion crowns her
 brow,
 And in her modest eye, sweet Innocence
 Smiles on Detraction. Where, where is my sister?
 She shall confront thy words — her look alone
 Shall prove thy tale a groundless calumny.

Glanv. You surely know not, sir, that she is fled —

Beauf. Jun. What say'st thou? — Fled! — Surprise
 choaks up my words!

It cannot be! — Fled! whither? — Gone! with whom?

Glanv. With Paulet, sir, Sifroy's young friend.

Beauf. Jun. Impossible!
 I'm on the rack! Tell, I conjure thee, tell
 The truth — Where are they gone?

Glanv. That they conceal.
 I only know, that finding their intrigue
 Detected, they abscond: and 'tis suppos'd

Will seek for shelter on some foreign shore.

Beauf. Jun. Where then is Truth, and where is Virtue fled,

Ere while her dear companions? — O my sister!
How art thou fallen? — Thy father too — O parricide!
Had'st thou no pity on his bending age?
On his fond heart — too feeble now to bear
So rude a shock?

Glanv. Can it not be conceal'd?

Beauf. Jun. O no! — He comes, impatient to enquire;
From his lov'd daughter, whence Sifroy had cause
For his opprobrious charge. — And see, he's here.

[Enter Beaufort Senior.]

S C E N E IX.

Beaufort Senior, Beaufort Junior, Glanville.

Beauf. Sen. Where is my daughter? where my injur'd child?

O bring me to her! she hath yet a father,
(Thanks to the gracious Powers who spar'd my life
For her protection) ready to receive
With tender arms his child, though rudely cast
From her rash husband's door. What mean these tears
That trickle down thy cheek? she is not dead!

Beauf. Jun. Good Heaven! what shall I say? — no,
sir — not dead —

She is not dead — but Oh! —

Beauf. Sen. But what? — Wound not
My heart! where is she? lead me to my child —
'Tis from her self alone that I will hear
The story of her wrongs.

Beauf. Jun. Alas! dear sir,
She is not here.

Beauf. Sen. Not here!

Beauf. Jun. O fortify
Your heart, my dearest father, to support,
If possible, this unexpected stroke!
My sister, sir — why must I speak her shame!

My

My wretched sister, yielding to the lure
Of Paulet's arts, hath left her husband's house.

Beauf. Sen. Great Power! then have I liv'd, alas! too long.

O patience! this, this is indeed too much!—
But 'tis impossible!—does not thy heart,
My son, bear testimony for thy sister
Against this calumny?—What circumstance,

[To Glanville.]

What proof have we of my Cleone's guilt?

Glanv. Is not their disappearing both at once,
A strong presumption of their mutual guilt?

Beauf. Sen. Presumption, say'st thou! shall one doubtful fact

Arraign a life of innocence unblam'd?
Shall I give up the virtue of my child,
My heart's sweet peace, the comfort of my age,
On weak surmises?—Sir, I must have proof,
Clear proof, not dark presumption of her guilt.

Glanv. Thus rudely urg'd, my honour bids me speak,
What else I meant in tenderness to spare.
Know then, I found the wanton youth conceal'd
In her apartment.

Beauf. Sen. Thou dost then confess
Thy self my child's accuser?—but thy word
Will not suffice. Far other evidence
Must force me to believe, that truth long known,
And native modesty, could thus at once
Desert their station in Cleone's breast.

Glanv. Wait then for other evidence—
With such as doubt my honour, I disdain
All farther conference. [Exit Glanville.]

S C E N E X.

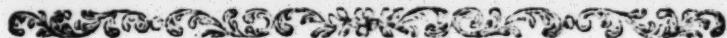
Beaufort Senior, Beaufort Junior.

Beauf. Jun. What can we think?
His firm undaunted boldness fills my breast
With fearful doubts, that dread to be resolv'd.
Yet this suspense is Torture's keenest pain.

Beauf.

Beauf. *Sen.* We must not bear it. No, my son, lead on;

We must be satisfy'd. Let us direct
Our steps to Paulet's habitation. There,
It seems we must enquire. And yet my soul
Strongly impels me to suspect this Glanville.
For can Cleone, can the darling child
Of Virtue be so chang'd?—If thou art fallen—
If thy weak steps, by this bad world seduc'd,
Have devious turn'd into the paths of shame,
O let me never, never live to hear
Thy soul dishonour mention'd. — If thou art
Traduc'd—and my fond heart still flatters me
With hope—then, gracious Heaven! spare yet my life,
O spare a father to redress his child!



A C T III.

S C E N E I. *The Area before Sifroy's House.*

Sifroy alone.

O Dreadful change! my house, my sacred home,
At sight of which my heart was wont to bound
With rapture, I now tremble to approach.
Fair mansion, where bright Honour long hath dwelt
With my renown'd progenitors, how, how
At last hath vile Pollution stain'd thy walls!
Yet look not down with scorn, ye shades rever'd,
On your dishonour'd son—He will not die
Till just revenge hath by the wanton's blood
Aton'd for this disgrace.—Yet can it be?
Can my Cleone, she whose tender smile
Fed my fond heart with hourly rapture, she
On whose fair faith alone I built all hope
Of happiness—can she have kill'd my peace,
My honour? Could that angel form, which seem'd
The shrine of Purity and Truth, become

The

The seat of Wantonness and Perfidy?
 Ye Powers!—should she be wrong'd—in my own heart
 How sharp a dagger hath my frenzy plung'd!
 O passion-govern'd slave! what hast thou done?
 Hath not thy madness from her house, unheard,
 Driven out thy bosom friend?—Guiltless perhaps—
 Hell, hell is in that thought!—O wretch accurst!
 Such thy rash fury, thy unbridled rage,
 Her guilt or innocence alike to thee
 Must bring distraction. But I'll know the worst.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*Changes to another Room in the House.**Glanville, Isabella.*

Glanv. What dost thou say? Already is Sisroy
 Arriv'd? Who saw him? When?

Isab. This moment, from
 My window, by the glimmering of the moon,
 I saw him pass.

Glanv. He comes as I could wish.
 His hot brain'd fury well did I foresee
 Would, on the wings of vengeance, swiftly urge
 His homeward flight. But i am ready arm'd,
 Rash fool! for thy destruction. And tho' long
 Thou hast usurp'd my rights, thy death at last
 Shall give me ample justice.

Isab. Ah, beware;
 Nor seek his life with peril of thine own.

Glanv. Trust me, my love, (tho' time too precious
 now
 Will not permit t'unfold to thee my scheme)
 I walk in safety, yet have in my grasp
 Secure, his hated life.—But see, he comes—
 Retire. [Exit Isabella. Enter Sisroy.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Glanville, Sifroy.

Glanv. (*advancing to embrace him.*) My honoured friend!

Sifr. Glanville, forbear —

And e'er I join my arms with thee in friendship,
Say, I conjure thee by that sacred tye,
By all thou hold'st most dear on earth, by all
Thy hopes of heaven, and dread of deepest hell —
Hast thou not wrong'd my wife?

Glanv. Unjust Sifroy!

Hath my true friendship so regardful been,
So jealous of thy honour, and dost thou
Suspect my own? Surely the double bonds
Of friendship and of blood, are ties too strong
To leave a doubt of my sincerity.
And soon too clearly, sir, you will discern
Who has been false, and who your faithful friend.

Sifr. O rack me not! — let dread conviction come —
Her strongest horrors cannot rend my heart
With half the anguish of this torturing doubt.
Speak then — for tho' the tale should fire my brain
To madness, I must hear it. Yet, Glanville, stay —
Let me proceed with caution — my soul's peace
Depends upon this moment. — Where's my wife?
Severe I may be, but I will be just.
I cannot, will not hear her faith arraign'd,
Before I see her.

Glanv. See her, sir! alas,
Where will you see her?

Sifr. Where! thou hast not yet
Convey'd her to her father? — On the wings
Of speed I flew, still hoping to prevent
The rash decree of unreflecting rage.

Glanv. Heaven give thee patience! — O Sifroy!
my heart,
Tho' thou hast wrong'd it with unkind suspicion,
Bleeds for thy injuries, for thy distress.

The wife, whom thou so tenderly hast lov'd,
Is fled with Paulet.

Sifr. Fled! — how? whither? when?

Glanv. This day they disappear'd, and 'tis believ'd
Intend to fly from shame, and leave the land.

Sifr. Impossible! — she cannot be so chang'd —
Was she not all perfection? — — O take heed — —
Once more I charge thee, Glanville, and my soul's
Eternal welfare rests upon thy truth — —

Traduce her not! nor drive me to perdition!

For by the flames of vengeance, If I find
Thy accusation true, they shall not 'scape!

O I will trace th' adulterer's private haunts,
Rush like his evil genius on their shame,
And stab the traitor in her faithless arms — —
Almighty Power! from whose broad eye lies hid
No secret crime! O take not from my arm
This due revenge — — nor tempt mankind to doubt
The justice of thy ways. Why this intrusion?

[Enter a Servant.]

Serv. My lady's father, Sir.

Sifr. Her father here

Glanv. Yes, he was here before — thy letters brought
him —

And hence went forth in rage to find out Paulet.

Sifr. Conduit him in.

[Exit Servant.]

Unhappy man! his grief,
His venerable tears will wring my heart.
Retire, good Glanville; interviews like these,
Of deep-felt mutual woe, all witness shun.

[Exit Glanville.]

S C E N E IV.

Sifroy, Beaufort Senior.

Beauf. Sen. Rash man! what hast thou done? upon
what ground
Dost thou impeach the honour of my name,
In treating thus my child? O thou hast spon

Thy

Thy bosom cast away the sweetest flower
That ever Nature form'd.

Sifr. Reproach me not—

Comiserate a wretch, on whom severe
Affliction lays her iron hand! —— O sir,
That flower which look'd so beauteous to the sense,
Turn'd wild, grew ranker than a common weed.

Beauf. Sen. It is not—cannot be! Have I not known,
Even from her earliest childhood known her heart?
Known it the seat of tenderness and truth?
Her thoughts were ever pure as virgin snows
From heaven descending: and that modest blush
Display'd on her fair cheek, was Virtue's guard.
She could not fall thus low—my child is wrong'd!
Let me to thine own heart, my son, appeal:
Was she not all a parent's fondest wish —

Sifr. Call not to my distracted mind how fair,
How good she once appear'd.— Time was indeed,
When blest in her chaste love, I fondly thought
My heart posses'd of all that earth held fair
And amiable: but memory of past bliss
Augments the bitter pang of present woe!
Is she not chang'd—fallen—lost?

Beauf. Sen. Patience, my son!
And calm the tempest of thy grief. Just Heaven
Will doubtless soon reveal the hidden deeds
Of guilt and shame. If thy unhappy wife
Thus wanton in the paths of Vice hath stray'd—
I would not rashly curse my darling child—
Yet hear me, righteous Heaven! May infamy,
Disease, and beggary imbitter all
Her wretched life! But my undoubting heart,
In full conviction of her spotless truth,
Acquits her of all crime.

Sifr. Is it no crime,
The listening to a vile seducer's voice,
She leaves her husband's house—her dearest friends?
Flies with her paramour to foreign climes,
A willing exile?

Beauf. Sen. Art thou well inform'd
They went together? How doth it appear?

Who saw them? Where? Alas! thy headlong rage
Was too impatient to permit enquiry.

Sifr. Were they not missing both? both at one hour?
Say, for thou hast enquir'd; is Paulet found?

Beauf. Sen. He is not: but my son perhaps, whom zeal
To clear a much-lov'd sister's injur'd fame
Spurs on to make the strictest inquisition,
May bring some tydings.

Sifr. May kind Heaven direct
His steps where dark concealment hides their shame
From day, and from my just revenge.

Beauf. Sen. Still, still
Thy rage with groundless inference concludes
Their un-prov'd guilt. Be calm, and answer me.
Think'st thou thy wife, if bent on loose designs,
Would madly join an infant in her flight,
To impede her steps, and aggravate her shame?

Sifr. O my confusion! where, where is my child?
Alas, I had forgot the harmless innocent!
Bring to my arms the poor deserted babe!
He knows no crime, and guiltless of offence,
Shall put his little hands into my breast,
And ease a father's bosom of its sorrows.

Beauf. Sen. Unhappy man! that comfort is deny'd thee
Sifr. What mean'st thou?—Speak—Yet ah, take
heed!

My heart already is too deeply pierc'd,
To bear another wound—What of my child?

Beauf. Sen. That he's the partner of his mother's
flight,
Should calm, not raise the tempest of thy grief—
As hence one would infer, that injury,
Not guilt, hath driven my daughter from thy house.
Who's her accuser?

Sifr. One
Whose honour, justice, and religious truth
Have oft been try'd, and ever faithful found.
He, sir, whose friendship, with reluctant grief,
At length disclosed my shame, was honest Glanville.
Report from vulgar breath I had despis'd.

Beauf.

Beauf. Sen. So may high Heaven deal mercy to my child,
As I believe him treacherous and base.

[Enter Beaufort Jun.]

S C E N E V.

Sifroy, Beaufort Sen. Beaufort Jun.

Beauf. Sen. Here comes my son—What means this look of terror?

Beauf. Jun. I fear, my father, some dread mischief—
Ha!—

Is he return'd? — Now may the Powers avert
This dire suspicion that strikes thro' my heart!
Tell, I conjure thee tell me—where's my sister?
Thou hast not murder'd her!

Sifr. Good Heaven! what means
My brother's dreadful words? Murder my wife!
O quickly speak! — My heart shrinks up with horror!
Whence are these apprehensions?

Beauf. Sen. My dear son,
Keep not thy father on the rack of doubt;
But speak thy fears.

Beauf. Jun. What fate may have befallen
My injur'd sister, Heaven and thou best know—
But Paulet, whom thy fierce revenge pursu'd,
This night is murder'd.

Sifr. Ha! what say'st thou? — Paulet!
Is Paulet dead? How know'st thou he is murder'd?

Beauf. Jun. In the dark path which to the cloyster
leads,
His sword is found, and bloody marks appear,
That speak the deed too plain.

Sifr. But where's my wife?
Was not she with him? Went they not together?

Beauf. Jun. Together! no. The villain Glanville's
faise!

My sister is traduc'd!

Sifr. Tremendous Pow'r!
What tempest wrapt in darkness now prepares

To burst on my devoted head ? What crime
Unknown, or unrepented, points me out,
The mark distinguish'd of peculiar vengeance ?
Why turns the gracious all-protecting eye
Averse from me ? O guide my steps, to find
Where lurks this hidden mischief —

Beauf. Jun. Lurks it not
In thine own breast ?

Beauf. Sen. My Son forbear.

Sifr. Art thou
My brother ?—O unkind ! Would I have stabb'd
Thy heart when breaking with convulsive pangs
Of doubt and terror ?—But I'm paid in kind—
Was not I cruel ? Where, where is my wife ?
Convey me to her arms—she's wrong'd, she's wrong'd !
Yet like offended Heaven she will forgive.
My friend too, my best friend is murder'd ! Oh,
What hand accus'd hath wrought this dreadful deed ?
Support me, mercy ! 'tis too much, too much !
But let Distraction come, and from my brain
Tear out the seat of Memory, that I
No more may think, no more may be a wretch !

Beauf. Sen. Patience, my son. When Heaven's high hand
afflicts,
Submission best becomes us — nor let man,
The child of weakness, murmur.

Sifr. O my father !
Thee too my rashness hath undone ! Thou, thou
Wilt join with Heaven to curse me ! But I kill
The rod of chastisement, and in the dust
Resign'd, a prostrate suppliant, beg for mercy.

Beauf. Sen. Moderate the grief,
Which thus unmans thee—Rouse thee to the search
Of these dark deeds — and Heaven direct our footsteps !
Hath not Suspicion whisper'd to thy heart,
That he, this Glanville, whom thy friendship trusts,
With confidence intire, may yet be false ?

Sifr. Till this dread hour, suspicion of his truth
Ne'er touch'd my breast—Now, doubt and horror raise
Distraction in my soul.

Beauf. Sen. O gracious Power !

Look on our sorrows with a pitying eye !
 My feeble heart sinks in me — but do thou
 Bear up against this tide of woe : I trust,
 If goodness dwells in heaven, my child is safe.
 Perhaps she seeks the shelter of these arms,
 And we have miss'd her in th' entangled wood.
 With speed dispatch immediate messengers
 Thro' different paths, with strictest search to trace
 Cleone's steps, or find thy murder'd friend.
 My son I charge thee see this well perform'd.

Beauf. Jun. I will not fail. [Exit Beaufort Jun.]

Beauf. Sen. Mean while let us observe.

Each motion, word, and look of this fell fiend,
 Whose horrid schemes, tho' gloss'd with saintlike shew,
 (If much I err not) soon shall be disclos'd. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI. Changes to the Wood.

Enter Cleone, and the Child.

Cleo. Whence do these terrors seize my sinking heart ?
 Since guilt I know not, why submit to fear ?
 And yet these silent shadowy scenes awake,
 Strange apprehensions. Gracious Heaven, protect
 My weakness ! — Hark ! what noise is that ? — all still.
 It was but fancy. — Yet methought the howl
 Of distant wolves broke on the ear of Night,
 Doubling the desert's horror.

Child. O I'm frightened !

Why do you speak, and look so strangely at me ?

Cleo. I will not fright my love. Come, let's go on —
 We've but a little way. — Save us, ye Powers !

[Sees Ragozin enter with a dagger and a mask on.]

She flies with her child, he follows.

Rag. Stop — for thou fly'lt in vain.

Cleone (within the scenes)

Help ! mercy ! Save,

Q save my child ! Q murder ! O my child !

[She retreats back to the scene, and falls in a swoon.]

[Re-enter Ragozin.]

Rag. She too is dead ! — I fear'd that blow was short —

But...

But hark! what noise! — I must not be detected —
[Exit.

Cleone, *waking from her trance.*
Where have I been? What horrid hand hath stamp'd,
This dreadful vision on my brain? O Death!
Have I not past thy terrors? Am I still
In this bad world? What ails my heart? my head?
Was not my child here with me? Sure he was—
And some foul fiend suggests to my sad heart
That he is murder'd! Gracious Heaven, forbid!
Conduct my steps, kind Providence, to where
My little wanderer strays, that I may know
This horror in my mind is but a dream.

[Goes out.]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to an adjoining part of the wood, and discovers the child murder'd.
[Cleone re-enters.]

Cleo. Tremendous Silence! Not a sound returns,
Save the wild echoes of my own sad cries,
To my affrighted ear! — My child! my child!
Where art thou stray'd? O where, beyond the reach
Of thy poor mother's voice? — Yet while in Heaven
The God of justice dwells, I will not deem
The bloody vision true. Heaven hath not left me—
There my truth is known, well known—And, see my
See, where upon the bank, its weary'd limbs [love!]
Lie stretch'd in sleep. In sleep! — O agony!
Blast not my senses with a sight like this!

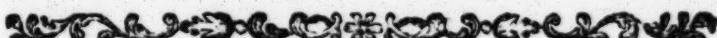
'Tis blood! 'tis death! my child, my child is murder'd!

[Falls down by her child, kissing it and weeping. Then
raising herself on her arm, after a dead silence,
and looking by degrees more and more wild, she proceeds
in a distracted manner.

Hark! hark! lie still, my love! — O for the world
Don't stir! — 'Tis Glanville, and he'll murder us!
Stay, stay — I'll cover thee with boughs — don't fear —
I'll call the little lambs, and they shall bring
Their softest fleece to shelter thee from cold.
There, there — lie close — he shall not see — no, no;

Ell.

I'll tell him 'tis an angel I have hid. [She rises up.
 Where is he? soft!—he's gone, he's gone, my love,
 And shall not murder thee.—Poor innocent!
 'Tis fast asleep.—O well thought! I'll go,
 Now while he slumbers—pick wild berries for him—
 And bring a little water in my hand—
 Then, when he wakes, we'll seat us on the bank,
 And sing all night.



A C T. IV.

S C E N E, *a Room in Sifroy's House.*

Glanville, Isabella:

Glanv. **B**etray'd! by whom betray'd? By thy vain
 fear.

How curst is he who treads on Danger's path,
 Entangled with a woman! Fool! alone
 I had been safe.

Isab. Yet hear me—On my life,
 No word from me hath escap'd. We may perchance
 Be yet secure.

Glanv. Perchance! And do our lives
 Depend on sickle chance? But speak—proceed—
 Whence are thy fears?

Isab. In cloïe concealment hid,
 This moment lo'erheard a whisper'd scheme
 Of seizing thee—

Glanv. Confusion! Can it be?
 Can Ragozin, the villain, have betray'd me?

Isab. I fear he hath. Where is he?

Glanv. Not return'd
 From Baden wood; to ascertain the deed
 That crowns our business. Were but that secure,
 My tortur'd soul, torn on the rack of doubt,
 Might yet feel peace. How wears the time?

Isab.

Isab. Two hours
Are wanting yet to midnight.

Glanv. Where's Sifroy?

Isab. With Beaufort. But perplexing doubts distract
His reason, that all power to act forsakes him.
Still farther to alarm—deep stain'd with gore,
The sword of Paulet's found, and other marks
That speak him murder'd.

Glanv. That's beyond my wish :
And tells but what I wanted to proclaim.

Isab. Proclaim ! What mean'st thou ? Doth it not
conduce
To our Detection ? Doth it not confirm
Their dark suspicions ?
Glanv. The short line, alas,
Of thy weak thought, in vain would sound the depth
Of my designs. But rest thee well assur'd.
I have foreseen, and am prepar'd to meet
All possible events.

Isab. O grant, good Heaven, —
Great God ! how dreadful 'tis to be engag'd
In what we dare not pray that Heaven may prosper !
Glanv. Curse on thy boding tongue ! Let me not hear
Its superstitious weakness.—Hush ! who comes ?
No more—'tis Ragozin—Now sleep distrust—
First let me learn if he hath done the deed—
If not, I am betray'd—and will awake
In vengeance on his falsehood. [Enter Ragozin.

S C E N E II.

Glanville, Isabella, Ragozin.

Glanv. Speak, my friend—
Cleone and her child—say quickly—how dispos'd ?
Rag. To Heaven remov'd, no longer they obstru&
Our views on earth.

Glanv. Speak plainly—are they dead ?

Rag. Both dead.

Glanv. Swear, swear to this!—And by all hope
Of that reward which urg'd thee to the deed,

Swear

Swear thou hast not betray'd me !

Rag. Whence arise
These base suspicions ? I disdain that crime !
Tho' branded with the name of an assassin,
I am not yet so mean as to betray.

Glanv. Distraction ! — May I trust thee ?

Rag. As thou wilt.

Glanville, pausing.

It must be so — we still are safe : and this
Pretence of strong suspicion, is no more
Than subtil artifice, contriv'd to draw
Th' unwary to confession.

Rag. 'Tis no more.

Glanv. Nor will I more than with a just contempt
Regard it. All our deeds of blood are done.
What now remains, the law shall execute.

Rag. What's to be done ?

Glanv. The thrust thus aim'd at me,
Shall deeply pierce Sifroy's unguarded bosom.
Thy aid once more — as witness to his threats —

Rag. Freely I would — But safety now requires
That I abscond. The stipulated sum,
Forgive me therefore, if I claim this night.

Glanv. 'Tis thine. But hark ! — retire — I hear his step —
One moment wait, and all shall be adjusted.

Ragozin (aside.)

Curs'd chance ! Were I possess'd of my reward,
Who would might wait thee now — nor will I more
Than some short moments rest unsatisfied. [Exit.

[Enter Sifroy.]

S C E N E III.

Glanville, Sifroy.

Sifroy, not seeing Glanville.

O Happiness ! thou frail, thou fading flower,
Whose culture mocks all human toil, farewell !
But I, blind madman ! by the roots have pluck'd
Thy sweetness from my bosom. My dear love !

Where

Where wanders now thy wrong'd, thy helpless virtue ?
 On what cold stone reclines thy drooping head,
 While trickling tears call thy Sifroy inhuman.
 Deluded wretch ! why did my greedy ear
 Catch the rank poison of Suspicion's breath,
 And to my tortur'd brain convey distraction ?

Glanville advancing to him.

Are thus my faithful services repaid ?
 Are the plain truths my undisguising heart
 In friendship told, already deem'd no more
 Than vile suggestions of designing falsehood ?

Sifr. Villain, they are ! -- Thou know'st them false as hell !
 Where is my wife ? — O traitor ! thou hast plung'd
 My soul into perdition !

Glanv. Rather say,
 That he who led astray the willing wife,
 Thy folly doats on — he —

Sifr. Blasphemer ! stop
 Thy impious tongue ! The breast of that dear saint
 Enshrines a soul as spotless as her form.
 Said'st thou not, Slanderer ! that my love was fled
 With Paulet ?

Glanv. True : I did.

Sifr. Art thou not sure
 That this is false ? Hast thou no dreadful cause
 To know it cannot be.

Glanv. None. Thou, perhaps,
 Whose bloody errand I indeed have heard
 Already is accomplish'd — Thou, 'tis true,
 May'st know that they are parted : 'twas the deed
 Thou cam'st thus swiftly to perform. But how
 Doth that impeach the truth of her elopement ?
 That thou hast murder'd him, acquits not her.

Sifr. That I have murder'd ! — I ! — Pernicious wretch !
 What dark designs, by blackest fiends inspir'd,
 Lurks in thy treacherous soul ? Tremendous Power !
 Have I then sinn'd beyond all hope of mercy ?
 Must the deep phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
 On my devoted head, flow from his hand ?
 But all thy ways are just ! To him I gave
 That credit which Iow'd my injur'd love —

He now, by thy supreme decree, stands forth
Th' avenger of my crime.

[Enter Beaufort Senior, with officers, &c.]

S C E N E VI. *Sifroy, Glanville, Beaufort Sen. Officers, &c.*

Beauf. Sen. Seize there your victim.

Glanv. What means this outrage?—Upon what pre-
tence—

Beauf. Sen. The bloody hand of Murder points out
thee

To strong Suspicion. Turn'st thou pale?—O wretch!
Thy guilt drinks up thy blood.

Glanv. Not guilt, but rage!
Who dares accuse me?

Beauf. Sen. I. Where's Paulet? where
My daughter? who, thou basely said'st, were fled
Together?

Glanv. If his poniard found the way
To part them, that impeaches not my truth.

Beauf. Sen. His poniard!

Glanv. His. I should have scorn'd t'accuse
The man, whose honour I think deeply wrong'd:
But mine own life attempted thus, demands
That truth should rise to light. Cam'st thou not here,
Driven by the fury of a dire revenge?

What motive else urg'd thy impetuous haste?

Sifr. Insidious slave! hast thou insnar'd my soul
By treacherous arts?—Hast thou with falsehoods vile
Inflam'd this hapless breast?—And would'st thou now
Infer my guilt, from my provok'd resentment?

Glanv. Lean'd I on feeble inference—I would ask,
What cause have I to seek this Paulet's blood?
'Twas not my wife, my daughter, he seduc'd!
How has he injur'd me? But I reject
These trivial pleas—I build on certain proof.

Beauf. Sen. What proof?

Glanv. The strongest—his own hand and seal
Fixt to the firm resolve, that he alone [Shewing the letter].
Would do the righteous deed—for so his rage

Calls Paulet's murder.

Beauf. Sen. Ha! What can I think!
Unhappy man! and hast thou to the crime
Of rash suspicion, added that of murder?

Sifr. My father, hear thy son. I plead not for
My Life, but justice.—That I am a wretch,
Groaning beneath the weight of Heaven's just ire—
That snar'd, and caught in meditated wiles,
I banish'd from my house a guiltless wife—
That burning with revenge, I flew to quench
My wrath in Paulet's blood—all this I own.
But by the sacred eye of Providence!
That views each human step, and still detects
The murderer's deed—of this imputed crime
My heart is ignorant, my hands are clear.

Beauf. Sen. I wish thee innocent—

Glanv. Have then my words
No weight? And is his own attesting hand
No proof against him? Is her secret flight,
An accident? No more?—O partial man!
To hide thy daughter's shame, thou seek'st my life.
But I appeal from thee to public justice.

Beauf. Sen. To that thou art consign'd: and may the
hand
Of strict enquiry drag to open day
All secret guilt, tho' shame indelible
Should brand a daughter nearest to my heart.
Heaven aid my search! I seek not blood, but truth.
Guard safe your prisoners to the magistrate,
I'll follow you. The justice thou demand'st,
Thou shalt not want.

Glanv. 'Tis well: I ask no more.
Let Ragozin, let Isabella too
Attend the magistrate—on them I call
To clear my slander'd name.

Beauf. Sen. It shall be so.
Take them this instant to your strictest care.
Thou too, Sifroy, be ready to attend.

Sifr. O think not I will leave him, till full proof
Condemn him, or acquit.

Beauf. Sen.

Beauf. Sen. The cause demands it.

[*Exeun' officers with Glanville guarded.*

S C E N E V. *Sifroy, Beaufort Senior.*

Sifr. Whence has the miscreant this unusual firmness?
Can guilt be free from terror?

Beauf. Sen. No, my son:
And thro' the mask of smooth Hypocrisy,
Methinks I see conceal'd a trembling heart.
If he be true, my daughter must be false:
If he be guiltless, who hath murder'd Paulet?

Sifr. So speed my hopes as I am innocent.
But oh, my love!—Conduct me where the strays
Forlorn and comfortless! Alas, who knows—
Her tender heart perhaps this moment breaks
With my unkindness! Wretch! what hast thou lost!

[Enter Beaufort Junior.

S C E N E VI. *Sifroy, Beaufort Senior, Beaufort Junior.*

Beauf. Jun. Thy soul's sweet peace!—Never, no
never more
To be regain'd!—Shame, anguish, and despair
Shall haunt thy future hours! Severe Remorse
Shall strike his vulture talons thro' thy heart,
And rend thy vital threads.

Beauf. Sen. What means my son?

Sifr. My brother!—if I may conjure thee yet
By that dear name —

Beauf. Jun. Thou mayst not—I disclaim it!

Sifr. Why dost thou thus alarm my shuddering soul
With rising terrors?

Beauf. Sen. My dear son, relieve
Thy father from this dread suspense!

Beauf. Jun. O sir! how shall I speak! or in what
words

Unfold the horrors of this night?—My sister —
Lost to her wretched self — thro' dreary wilds
Wanders distracted—void of Reason's light

To guide her devious steps.

Beauf. Sen. Support me, Heaven !
Then every hope is fled !—Thy will be done !—
where is my child ? Where was she found ?

Beauf. Jun. Alas !
Of soul too delicate, too soft to bear
Unjust reproach, and undeserved shame,
Distraction seiz'd her in the gloom of night,
As passing thro' the wood she sought the arms
Of a protecting father.

Sifr. Do I live ?
Is such a wretch permitted still to breathe ?
Why opens not this earth ? why sleeps above
The lightening's vengeful blast ? Is Heaven unjust ?
Or am I still reserv'd for deeper woe ?
I hope not mercy—that were impious—
Pour then on my bare head, ye ministers
Of wrath ! your hottest vengeance—

Beauf. Jun. Stop —— forbear ——
Nor imprecate that vengeance which unseen,
Already hangs o'er thy devoted life.
O wretch ! thou know'st not yet how curst thou art,
Thy child, thy lovely child, a bloody corse,
Lies breathless by its frantic mother's side ——
Murder'd, as it should seem, by her own hand,
When Reason in her brain had lost dominion.

Sifr. O my torn heart !—Is there in Heaven no pity ?
But Fate's last bolt is thrown, and I am curst
Beyond all power to aggravate my woe !
O I am scorn'd, abandon'd, and cast out
By Heaven and Earth !—I must not call thee father —
I have undone thee, robb'd thee of that name.

Beauf. Sen. Forbear, my son, to aggravate thy woes,
Already too severe. Kind Providence
May yet restore, and harmonize her mind.

Sifr. May Heaven pour blessings on thy reverend
head
For that sweet hope ! But say, where shall I see her ?—
How bear the dreadful sight !

Beauf. Jun. Dreadful indeed !
On the cold earth they found her laid : her head,
Supported

Supported on her arm, hung o'er her child,
 The image of pale Grief lamenting Innocence.
 Sometimes she speaks fond words, and seems to smile
 On the dead babe as 'twere alive—Now like
 The melancholy bird of night, she pours
 A soft and melting strain, as if to soothe.
 Its slumbers : — and now clasps it to her breast,
 Cries Glanville is not here—fear not, my love,
 He shall not come—then wildly throws her eyes
 Around, and in the tenderest accents calls
 Aloud on thee, to save her from dishonour!

Sifr. Haste, let us haste—distracted thus she grows
 Still dearer, still more precious to my soul!
 O let me soothe her sorrows into peace.

Beauf. *Sen.* Stay — calls she frequently on Glanville's
 name?

Beauf. *Jun.* So they report who found her.

Beauf. *Sen.* Left they her
 Alone?

Beauf. *Sen.* No: But all arts to court her thence
 were vain.

Beauf. *Sen.* Thither with speed this moment let us fly:
 Let Glanville too attend. From the wild words
 Of madness and delirium, he who struck
 From darkness light — may call discovery forth,
 To guide our footsteps.

Beauf. *Jun.* Just is your resolve,
 And I will follow you—but have receiv'd
 Intelligence of somewhat that imports us,
 Which I must first attend.

Beauf. *Sen.* To gain us light,
 Be no means left untry'd. [Exit Beaufort Junior]

Sifr. But haste, we linger.
 Yet whither can I fly? Where seek for peace?
 O in its tenderest vein my heart is wounded!
 Had I been smote in any other part,
 I could have born with firmness; but in Thee,
 My wrong'd, my ruin'd love, I bleed to death.

A C T . V.

S C E N E , *the Wood.*

Cleone is discovered sitting by her dead Child; over whom she has formed a little Bower of Shrubs and Branches of Trees. She seems very busy in picking the leaves from a Bough in her Hand.

Cleone Sings.

Largo Affetuose.

Sweeter than the damask rose
Was his lovely breast;
There, O let me there repose,
Sigh, sigh, and sink to rest.

Did I not love him? — who can say I did not?
My heart was in his bosom, but he tore
It out, and cast it from him — Yet I lov'd —
And he more lovely seem'd to that fond heart,
Than the bright cherub sailing on the skirts
Of yonder cloud, th' inhabitants of Heaven.

Enter Sifroy, Beaufort Senior, Isabella, Glanville, Ragozin, Officers, &c.

Beauf. Sen. This is the place — O misery! See, my child!
Why, gracious Heaven! why have I liv'd to feel
This dreadful moment? — Soft I pray ye tread —
And let us well observe her speech and action.

Sifr. Have I done this! — and do I live! — my heart
Drops blood! — But to thy guidance I will bend,
And in forc'd silence smother killing grief.

Glanv. Did'nt thou not tell me, villain, she was dead?

Rag. I was deceiv'd — by Heaven, I thought her so.

Glanv. May Heil reward thee.

Beauf. Sen. Stay — she rises — hush!

Cleo. Soft! soft! he stirs —

O I have wak'd him — I have wak'd my child!

And when false Glanville knows it, he again

Will murder him.

[Affe.]

Beauf. Sen. Mark that!

Glanv. And are the words

Of incoherent madness to convict me?

Sifr. They are the voice of Heaven, detecting murder!

O villain! thy infernal aim appears.

Cleo. No, no; all still—As undisturb'd he sleeps

As the stolen infant rock'd in th' Eagle's nest.

I'll call the red-breast, and the nightingale,

Their pious bills once cover'd little babes,

And sung them to repose. O come, sweet birds!

Again pour forth your melancholy notes,

And soothe once more that innocence ye love.

Sifr. On that enchanting voice, how my fond heart
Hath hung with rapture!—Now, too deeply pierc'd,
I die upon the sound. [He advances towards her.]

O let me soothe

Thy griefs! and pour into thy wounded mind

The healing balm of tenderness!

Cleone, frightened and trembling.

Sweet Heaven,

Protect me! O if you pity, save

My infaint!—Cast away that bloody steel!

And on my knees I'll kiss the gentle hand,

That spar'd my child!—Glanville shall never know

But we are dead—In this lone wood we'll live,

And I no more will seek my husband's house.

And yet I never wrong'd him! never indeed!

Sifr. I know thou did'st not—look upon me, love!

Dost thou not know me? I am thy Sifroy—

Thy husband—Do not break my heart—O speak!

That look will kill me!

Beauf. Sen. My dear child! O turn—

Look on thy father! am I too forgot?

Is every filial trace in thy poor brain

Defac'd?—She knows us not!—May Heaven, my son

Lend thee its best support! For me—my days

Are few; nor can my sorrow's date be long

Protracted.

Sifr. Talk not so! Must I become

The murderer of all I hold most dear?

Cleo. Yes—yes—a husband once—a farther too

I had—but lost, quite lost—deep in my brain

Bury'd they lie—in heaps of rolling sand—
I cannot find them.

Sifr. O heart-piercing grief!
How is that fair, that amiable mind,
Disjointed, blasted by the fatal rage
Of one rash hour!—

[She goes to her child, he follows.
O let sweet Pity veil

The horrors of this scene from every eye!
My child! my child! hide, hide me from that sight!

[Turns away.

Cleo. Stay, stay—for you are good, and will not hurt.
My lamb Alas, you weep—why should you weep?
I am his mother, yet I cannot weep.
Have you more pity than a mother feels?
But I shall weep no more—my heart is cold.

Sifroy, falling on his Knees.

O mitigate thy wrath, good Heaven! Thou know'st
My weakness—lay not on thy creature more
Than he can bear: Restore her, O restore!
But if it must not be—If I am doom'd
To stand a dreadful warning, to deter
Frail man from sudden passion—then, great Power,
O take, in mercy take, this wretched life!

(As he rises, Isabella comes forward, and throws herself at his feet.

Isab. Hear, hear me, sir!—My heart is pierc'd!
And my shock'd soul, beneath a load of guilt,
Sinks down in terror unsupportable.
'Tis Heaven impels me to reveal the crimes
In which, O misery! I have been involv'd—
Protect me, save me from his desperate rage!

[Glanville suddenly pulls out a short dagger, which he
had conceal'd in his bosom; and attempts to stab
her: Sifroy wrenches it from him.

Beauf. Sen. Ha! seize the dagger!

Sifr. Hold thy murderous hand!

Rag. (Aside.) All is betray'd—for me no safety now,
But sudden flight.

[He endeavours to withdraw.

Sifr. Stop—seize—detain that slave!

Th' attempt.

Th' attempt to fly bespeaks him an accomplice:

[One of the officers seizes him.

Isabella to Glanville.

Tremble, O wretch! — Thou see'st that Heaven is just,
Nor suffers even our selves to hide our deeds.
To death I yield — nor hope, nor wish for life —
Permit me to reveal some dreadful truths,
And I shall die content. Thy hapless wife,
Chaste as the purest angel of the sky,
By Glanville is traduc'd — By him betray'd,
Paulet is murder'd — and by his device,
The lovely child. Inveigled by his arts,
And by the flattering hopes of wealth insnar'd —
Distracting thought! I have destroy'd my soul.

Beauf. Sen. O why so far from Virtue did'st thou stray,
That to compassionate thy wretched fate,
Almost is criminal!

Beaufort Senior, to Glanville.

But canst thou bear —

Can thy hard heart sustain this dreadful scene?

Glanv. I know the worst — and am prepar'd to meet it.
That wretch hath seal'd my death — And had I but
Aveng'd her timorous perfidy — the rest
I'd leave to fate; and neither should lament
My own, nor pity yours.

Sifr. Inhuman savage!
But Justice shall exert her keenest scourge,
And wake to terror thy unfeeling heart.
Guard them to safe confinement. But O see!
Behold that piteous object! — Her dumb grief
Speaks to my heart unutterable woe!
Horror is in her silence — (*he goes to her*) My dear love!
Look, look upon me! Let these tears prevail,
And with thy pity, wake thy reason too.

Cleo. Again you weep — O had you lost a wife,
As I a husband, you might weep indeed!
Or had you lost as sweet a boy as mine,
'Twould break your heart!

Sifr. O misery! her words are pointed steel!
Have I not lost a wife? — lost a sweet boy?
Indeed I have! — My self too murder'd them!

Cleo. That was unkind — Why did you so? — But soft!

Let

Let no one talk of murder—I was kill'd—
My husband murder'd me—but I forgave him.

Sifr. I can iustain no more!—O torture! torture!
Such goodness ruin'd, will distract my soul:

Beauf. Sen. Collect thy self, and with the humble eye
Of patient Hope, look up to Heaven resign'd.

Sifr. Hope! where is hope?—Alas, no hope for me!
On downy pinions, lo! to Heaven she flies—
To realms of bliss — where I must never come!
Terrors are mine—and from the depths below,
Despair looks out, and beckons me to sink!

Beauf. Sen. O calm thy grief! call reason to thy aid,
Perhaps we yet may save her precious life;
At least delay not, by some gentle means,
To soothe her to return.

Sifr. May soft persuasion dwell upon thy lips!
But ah, can tears or arguments avail,
When Reason marks not? [Enter Beaufort Junior.

S C E N E III.

Cleone, Sifroy, Beaufort Sen. Beaufort Jun.

Beauf. Jun. Where, where is my sister?

Beauf. Sen. Alas! the melancholy sight will pierce
Thy inmost soul!—But do not yet disturb her.
Distraction o'er her memory hangs a cloud,
That hides us from her:

Sifr. My dearest brother! can thy heart receive
The wretch who robb'd it of a sister's love?

Beauf. Jun. I do forgive thee all—for O my brother!
Most basely wert thou wrong'd. But Truth is found—
Paulet, tho' wounded, yet escap'd with life.

Sifr. Then Heaven is just — But say, O tell me how!

Beauf. Jun. Thou shalt know all—but stay! my sister—
Cleone, coming forward,

O who hath done it!—who hath done this deed
Of death?—My child is murder'd—my sweet babe
Bereft of life!—Thou Glanville! thou art he!
O bloody fiend! destroy a child! an infant! —
O wretch, forbear!—See, see the little heart
Bleeds on his dagger's point! [Looking down to the earth.
But lo! the Furies! — the black fiends of hell

Have:

Have seiz'd the Murderer! look! they tear his heart—
 That heart which had no pity!—Hark! he strikes—
 His eye-balls glare—his teeth together gnash
 In bitterness of anguish—While the fiends
 Scream in his frightened ear—*Thou shalt not murder!*

Beauf. Sen. What dreadful visions terrify her brain?
 To interrupt her, must relieve.—Speak to her.

Sifr. My dearest love!—Cast but one look upon us!
Cleone, looking up to heaven.

Is that my infant?—Whither do ye bear
 My bleeding babe;—Not yet—O mount not yet,
 Ye sons of light, but take me on your wings,
 With my sweet innocent—I come! I come!

[*Her father and brother take hold of her.*
 Yet hold! where is my husband—my Sifroy?
 Will not he follow?—Will he quite forsake
 His poor lost wife?—O tell him I was true! [Swoons.]

Beauf. Sen. Alas, she faints!—I fear the hand of
 Death

Is falling on her. Gently bear her up.

Sifr. O God! my heart—
 My heart-strings break!—Did not her dying words
 Dwell on my name? Did not her latest sigh
 Breathe tenderness for me?—for me, the wretch,
 Whose rash suspicion, whose intemperate rage,
 Abandon'd her to shame!—Hah! gracious Heaven!
 Does she not move? Does not returning light
 Dawn in her feeble eye? Her opening lips
 Breathe the sweet hope of life!

Cleo. Where have I been?
 What dreadful dreams have floated in my brain!

Beauf. Sen. How fares my child?

Cleo. O faint! exceeding faint!
 My father!—My dear father!—Do I wake?
 And am I, am I in a father's arms?
 My brother too!—O happy!

Beauf. Jun. My dear sister!

Sifr. O transport! rapture! Will my love return
 To life? To reason too? Indulgent Heaven!

Cleo. What sound, what well-known voice is that I hear!
 O lift me, raise me to his long-lost arms!
 It is my husband! my Sifroy! my love!

Alas,

Alas, too faint—I never more shall rise.

Sifr. O do not wound me, do not pierce my heart
With any thought so dreadful ! Hath high Heaven,
Only in mockery given thee to my arms ?
Raise up thy head, my love ! lean on my breast,
And whisper to my soul thou wilt not die.

Cleo. How thy sweet accents soothe the pangs of death !
O witness Heaven ! thus in thy arms to die,
My faithful love, and spotless truth confirm'd,
Was all my wish !—But where, where is my father ?
O let me take his blessing up to Heaven,
And I shall go with confidence !

Beauf. Sen. My child —

My darling child !—May that pure bliss, just Heaven
Bestows upon departed saints, be thine !

Cleo. Farewell, my brother ! comfort and support
Our father's feeble age—To heal his grief
Will give thy sister's dying moments ease.

Sifr. Talk not of death !—We must not, must not part !
Good Heaven ! her dying agonies approach !

Cleo. Death's keenest, bitterest pang is that I feel
For thy surviving woe.—Adieu, my love !
I do entreat thee with my latest sigh,
Restrain thy tears—nor let me grieve to think
Thou feel'st a pain I cannot live to heal.

Sifr. Mightst thou but live, how light were every pain
Fate could inflict !

Cleo. It cannot be !—I faint—
My spirits fail—farewell—receive me, Heaven. [Dies.]

Sifr. She's gone !—Those lovely eyes
Are clos'd in death—no more to look on me !
My fate is finish'd—in this tortur'd breast,
Anguish—Remorse—Despair—must ever dwell.

Beauf. Sen. Offended Power ! at length with pitying eyes
Look on our misery ! Cut short this thread,
That links my soul too long to wretched life !
And let mankind, taught by his hapless fate,
Learn one great truth, Experience finds too late ;
That dreadful ills from rash Resentment flow,
And sudden Passions end in lasting Woe.

End of the Fifth A C T.



EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by MRS. BELLAMY.

WELL, Ladies—so much for the Tragic file—
And now the custom is—to make you smile.

To make us smile! — methinks I hear you say—
Why, who can help it, at so strange a Play?
The Captain gone three years—and then to b'ame
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
My stars! — what gentle Belle would think it treason,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
Out of my house! — this night, forsooth, depart!
A modern wife had said—“ With all my heart—
“ But think not, baughty Sir, I'll go alone!
“ Order your coach — conduct me safe to town—
“ Give me my Jewels, Wardrobe, and my Maid—
“ And pray take care my Pin-money be paid.”

Such is the language of each modish Fair!
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modesty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth;
When Women bid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad;

*They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mixt the cares.
Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
For Marriage triumph'd in those golden days :
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd ;
By Faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.*

*'Tis yours, ye Fair, to bring those days agen,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men ;
Make Beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
And give the soul, as well as sense, delight ;
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
That scorns the Press, the Pulpit, and the Stage.
Let Truth and Tenderness your breasts adorn,
The Marriage chain with transport shall be worn ;
Each blooming Virgin rais'd into a Bride,
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide ;
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.*

MELPOMENE:

T

M E L P O M E N E:

O R

The Regions of TERROR and PITY.

A N

O D E.

I.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whose command
 The swelling tides of mighty Passion rise;
 MELPOMENE, support my vent'rous hand,
 And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise,
 From the gay scenes of pride
 Do thou his footsteps guide
 To Nature's aweful courts, where nurst of yore,
 Young Shakespear, Fancy's child, was taught his various
 [lore.]

II.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
 To few reveal'd, whence humau sorrows charm:
 So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
 Bid *Terror* shake us, or *Compassion* warm,
 As different strains controul
 The movements of the soul,
 Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone,
 To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

III.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
 'Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play;
 Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
 And *Damon's* Muse, that breathes her melting lay,
 This ardent prayer was made.
 When lo! the secret shade,

As

As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook —
 Strength, firmness, reason, all — my astonish'd soul for-
 [fook.

IV.

Ah ! whither Goddess ! whither am I borne ?
 To what wild region's necromantic shore ?
 These pannics whence ? and why my bosom torn
 With sudden terrors never felt before ?
 Darkness inwraps me round,
 While from the vast profound
 Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
 And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

V.

Ha ! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
 Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame ?
 Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
 As with its thunder shakes his labouring frame.
 What can such rage provoke ?
 His words their passage choak :
 His eager steps, nor time nor truce allow,
 And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

VI.

Protect me, Goddess ! whence that fearful shriek
 Of consternation ? as grim Death had laid
 His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
 And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd :
 Ah see ! besmear'd with gore,
 Revenge stands threatening o'er
 A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
 In vain for pity call — the wretched victim dies.

VII.

Nor long the space — abandon'd to Despair,
 With eyes aghast, or hopeless fixt on earth,
 This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
 Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth :
 While torn within, he feels
 The pangs of whips and wheels ;
 And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below,
 Beckoning his frightened soul to realms of endless woe. —

VIII.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,
 And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain—
Awretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,
 Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain.
 Fond love, fierce hate, assail ;
 Alternate they prevail :
 While conscious pride and shame with rage conspire,
 And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

IX.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace :
 From rage to madness every feature breaks.
A growing phrenzy grins upon his face,
 And in his frightful stare Distraction speaks :
 His straw-invested head
 Proclaims all reason fled ;
 And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes —
 But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled
[sighs.]

X.

Yet, yet again !—a Murderer's hand appears
 Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood !
 His look malignant chills with boding fears,
 That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
 In midnight's darkest clouds
 The dreary miscreant shrowds
 His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given
 To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven.

XI.

And hark ! ah Mercy ! whence that hollow sound ?
 Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair ?
 Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
 A pallid Ghost slow-rising steals on air.
 To where a mangled corse
 Expos'd without remorse
 Lies shroudefless, unentomb'd, he points the way —
 Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

XII.

“ Was it for this, he cries, with kindly shower
 “ Of daily gifts the traytor I caref'sd ?
 “ For this array'd him in the robe of power,
 “ And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast ?

“ O kindness ill repay’d !

“ To bare the murdering blade

“ Against my life ! — may Heav’n his guilt explore,
“ And to my suffering race their splendid rights restore.”

XIII.

He said, and stalk’d away.—Ah Goddess ! cease

Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain ;

These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,

And Reason calls her boasted powers in vain,

Then change thy magic wand,

Thy dreadful troops disband,

And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,

To melt the feeling heart, yet soothe its tenderest woes.

XIV.

The fervent prayer was heard.—With hideous sound,

Her ebon gates of darkness open flew ;

A dawning twilight chears the dread profound,

The train of terror vanishes from view.

More mild enchantments rise ;

New scenes salute my eyes,

Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the plain,

And turtles cooe around, and nightingales complain.

XV.

And every mirtle bower and cypress grove,

And every solemn temple teems with life ;

Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,

There with the deeper woes of human strife.

In groups around the lawn,

By fresh disasters drawn,

The sad spectators seem transfix’d in woe,

And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows flow.

XVI.

Behold that beauteous maid ! her languid head,

Bends like a drooping lily charg’d with rain :

With floods of tears she bathes a Lover dead,

In brave assertion of her honour slain.

Her bosom heaves with sighs,

To Heaven she lifts her eyes,

With grief beyond the power of words opprest,

Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

XVII.

How strong the bands of Friendship? yet, alas!

Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,

One from his friend receives the fatal wound!

What could such fury move?

What but ill-fated love!

The same fair object each fond heart entralls,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

XVIII.

Can aught so deeply sway the generous mind?

To mutual truth, as female trust in love?

Then what relief shall yon fair mourner find,

Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove?

By fair, but false pretence,

She lost her innocence;

And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,

Claspt in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

XIX.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire?

Kings are not rais'd above Misfortune's frown.

That form, so graceful even in mean attire,

Sway'd once a scepter, once sustain'd a crown.

From Filial rage and strife,

To screen his closing life,

He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,

And in the lap of Want his patient head conceals.

XX.

More yet remain'd -- but lo! the PENSIVE QUEEN

Appears confest before my dazzled sight;

Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,

The face of sorrow mingled with delight.

Not such her nobler frame,

When kindling into flame,

And bold in Virtue's cause, her zeal aspires

To weaken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

XXI.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends —

The POWER, with eyes complacent, saw my fear;

And, as with grace ineffable the bonds,

These accents vibrate on my listening ear.

" Aspiring

“ Aspiring son of art,

“ Know, tho’ thy feeling heart,

“ Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shewn,

“ Still may the Delian God thy powerless toils disown.

XXII.

“ A thousand tender scenes of soft distress

“ May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes ;

“ A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,

“ As from my dreary realms of darkness rose,

“ Whence SHAKESPEAR’s chilling fears,

“ And OTWAY’s melting tears —

“ That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,

“ The types of every *theme* that suits the TRAGIC STRAIN.

XXIII.

“ But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,

“ And all due honour to her precepts pay ?

“ Can’t thou the lure of Affectation scorn,

“ Pleas’d in the simpler paths of Truth to stray ?

“ Hast thou the Graces fair

“ Invok’d with ardent prayer ?

“ They must attire, as Nature must impart,

“ The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.

XXIV.

“ Then, if creative Genius pour his ray,

“ Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast ;

“ Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,

“ And the deep source of Passion stand confess ;

“ Then may the listening train,

“ Affected, feel thy strain ;

“ Feel Grief or Terror, Rage or Pity move :

“ Change with thy varying scenes, and every scene approve.”

XXV.

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,

I kiss’d the borders of her crimson vest ;

Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,

But Fear upon my lips her seal imprest.

While awe-struck thus I stood,

The bowers, the lawn, the wood,

The FORM CELESTIAL, fading on my view,
Dissolv’d in liquid air, and all the vision flew.

F I N I S.



